

Monday 20<sup>th</sup> February

From Denys

1. Zyloric
2. Metatone
3. Vitamin C fizzy orange
4. ~~Beta~~ Vitamin B Complex
5. Multiple Vitamin + minerals - Geritol
6. Vitamin E

Wednesday 22<sup>nd</sup> Feb

Denys wrote a letter to Social Security (Walsford House) to say that my psychological ~~st~~ + ~~franchise~~ and physical condition was due to their ~~withholding~~ withholding about 6 weeks of relief because of Sapia's visit and staying with me (this letter dictated to Jane and posted this morning will be in the files). I will now send Drooglever's notice to quit this apartment by March 27 because of chronic delays in payment of rent to them also. This money will

- ) help pay  $\frac{1}{2}$  months rent to Michael which he has overpaid. Michael is overburdened now having paid  $1\frac{1}{2}$  months rent, promised to pay a dentist for me (the one of the best available in London - I was run over mostly by my last Australian one) and a monthly sum with Jane to my bank to reduce overdraft. I too must send some of this money, when received, to the bank to further reduce my overdraft.
- Worked until 4 a.m. last night on MSS, tidying up my books and papers and

attending to my cassettes & cassette player  
and wiring it up properly to socket  
in front room — an extension was  
needed & I had to search for the Bessie  
Smith II cassette which I ruined for Ivan  
by recording part of my session with  
Ivan the Terrible on it. I must re-record  
my bit & must borrow another cassette  
player as well as headphones so I can  
work without disturbing Ivan & Jane.

David called last night with selected  
water colours for my comments. I ~~told him~~  
these were all ones that I had liked even <sup>badly</sup>  
borrowing one for a few weeks <sup>(it was on the face of an enamel no longer)</sup> to look at me  
as I brooded on the edge of the bed doing  
my yoga of cigarettes & cans of beer garden  
the little bedside table of Lady Jane from of  
Cheyne Gardens with damp Kleenex, dropped  
& tips I ~~that~~ have <sup>constant</sup> use for the past  
few years to stop the itching in my ears, and of  
pennies, tenpennies and even 50p. pieces  
accidentally swept off its 1½ sq. ft. of  
surface mixed with it to make a palette  
of desolation, silence and ~~and~~ an itching  
hope that things would work out.....

David is very dedicated and earnest and he  
took down notes on pages of this very notebook  
I am writing on now as I talked, though  
I was dead tired by now. I told him that all  
these paintings were saleable accidents. He had

not yet found a vocabulary of his own that people would immediately recognize for his signature. There were his romantic, glowing horses in landscapes ~~that~~ of his <sup>first</sup> earliest period, decided by Chinese images which followed one trend of his thoughts, but they were <sup>too</sup> fine and magical and enigmatic, a few tentative and uncertain. He needed a strong, clear-cut statement with the flow and precision of Chinese calligraphy. I've always urged him to study Chinese calligraphy, which I also have studied. ~~and~~ He has bought Chiang Yee's book. I was delighted to hear that today he will be having his first lesson from a Chinese calligrapher couple - the husband came to London to study at the Slade which again sounded very good. I was disappointed when David did not go to Hong-Kong where he had the chance last year. He could have learned some thing of his own traditions in art. It was a choice between a visit to his mother in Canada + a visit to Hongkong. Pity he could not have done both.

David's fugue of horses that he had brought along lacked definition so that I mistook the fall meaning, two horses in the background of fur industrial twisted girders. I pointed this out & he said that he had become so impatient when he couldn't get the horses right that he messed them up and ~~the~~ the monochrome watercolour did look all right although all of it had not been intentional. He said he was aware



the highest art form in China.  
accidents.

that his successful pictures were just sheer ~~luck~~.  
He was most dissatisfied with this situation  
although he continued to sell his doodlings  
to private collectors and at his open-air "pitch"  
in Bayswater Rd for which he paid an annual  
rent to the Borough Council.

This watercolour could not be re-worked,  
naturally, because of the medium.

You must learn more control over your  
brush — like the calligraphers — I kept  
drumming into him, as usual. I have  
often wondered <sup>whether</sup> I did the right thing  
lending him my books on Chinese calligraphy  
and urging him to study them. He got  
into a pickle over this and lately has  
been asking me for addresses of teachers.  
I <sup>was</sup> glad he had found this master of  
calligraphy last month but still apprehensive  
that I may have tampered with his  
innate gifts for self-expression by  
introducing him to calligraphy — and O, I  
was so glad last night to hear that this  
Chinese master ~~was~~ had come to London from  
China to study at the Slade. David is on  
the right track and I am not misleading  
him, I ~~thought with a sense of relief~~.  
think.

Riffahin (Caroline's) drug.

Book seller  
stocking  
rare  
incense?

Keith Samradp

27 Trebovis Rd SW5

~~589~~ 589 8825

Indy's  
daughter

Piana

Meridiang

169 Fulham Rd.

X

Memoirs

1. That they have freedom to choose their life-partner is said to be an improvement in modern life - why?  
Do the little accidents that make people meet and make them red really great and good?
2. I hadn't realized, really, there was money in publishing until recently - June. Not even when WH Smith vans turned up with inquiries for copies of PL or the PL pamphlets.
3. It is the Oriental custom to reach for perfection of one self and for an ideal beyond one's reach and put down, then, a few words on paper in the hope they may be of possible use to others.

20 March 1971

I am startled I am starting a diary at last. The lead-in for such Action, and belief in it, came to me this way... Last Night, as in the past, I wondered how £100 had passed through my hands in four days without my noticing it and without in any way altering my condition. I felt sick as usual (the last time was in Paris when I lost £100 and my ~~wallet~~ wallet and had shelter for many/winter months at George Whitman's Shakespeare and Co. when I had arrived to ~~work~~ start work on my London memoirs) and I set about itemising such extraordinary, and worse, outflow ~~of cash~~ from my pockets whenever I have ready ~~cash~~ cash. <sup>Thus:</sup> Result:

Taxi to aid Roger in Brixton

Prison.....£8.00 (long ~~wait~~ wait).

Dinner with Lala, Marcia

Fernandes and Kara at the

Hungry Horse.....£19.00

Hotel Bill to March 14.....£35.72

To Kara (flat-hunting).....£5.00

-----do-----£.00

To Rocco Fitzgerald (flat-

hunting..£10.00

Loan repaid to Ismael.....£ 2.00

R.Fitzgerald (deposit on flat £20.00

March 19

Lunch at Dino's.....£1.00

Toothpaste.....£0.50

TOTAL

£103.22

The revolving light

~~xx~~ only read a poet's signature don't realize this. The  
<sup>rt</sup>  
 particular poem is the thing, is the message.

So, in desperation, I passed on to the psychedelically  
 exploded, expanded George Andrews....

After an hour's wait for him at the Lincoln Hotel I walked  
 out with Kara when the <sup>metal</sup> ~~liron~~ trelliswork curtains of the bar  
 fell down and saw George who was obviously 'high' as a coot  
~~staggering down the pavement. He is high, he is high," we~~  
~~laughed as/George/shuttled down beside us like a~~  
~~xx sandalled small feet, his/rump out, with long-plumed, dark~~  
~~head, spinning at the top, cocked aimlessly to one side and~~  
~~and tossing up and down as if hung on a spring.~~  
 staggering down the pavement. "He is high," we laughed as  
 spare-limbed George strutted beside us, small sandalled feet,  
 , fat rump stuck out and with long-plumed dark ~~xx~~ head balding  
 on top coked aimlessly <sup>to one</sup> ~~one~~ side tossing up and down as if  
 hung on a spring.

We lunched off pizza at La Pergola and taxied down to  
 Fulham  
 Edith Terrace between ~~Fulham~~ and King's Road /to view a  
 garden apartment Kara had found. I didn't like the tumble-down  
 Road and Kara had been overenthusiastic. ~~xx~~ I didn't think  
 the place was worth 22 gns a week. However it was the best  
 bargain we had yet found. Kara walked home while George and  
 I taxied down to Bernard Stone's bookshop in ~~Kensigh~~ Kensington  
 Church walk. It was 6 o' clock and we were late for his

Saturday winebibbing, poetasting, Edward Lucy-Smithed and  
 and drunk~~en~~, rolling, mumbling John Wallered Saturday soirees.  
 "I'd kiss you if you were on this side of the counter,"  
 purred Eleanor between her customary dangling earrings and  
 usual softgloved smile head perked to one side, behind Bernard  
 Stone. Then as I talked to ~~the~~ bowlerhatted ~~man~~ and  
 greyed Maytum White the floating snowflake from Fleet Street  
 looking for a spot to settle on she walked over and kissed me  
 I don't know for what. <sup>And</sup> Then as I wandered over as usual to  
 say haloo johnnywaller ~~xxxx~~ I saw she had pinned the huge  
 cutting from The Guardian to a book case by the corner of my  
*at that moment probably fast asleep in Lake Forest, Ill.*  
 eye. I thought of gracious Kay <sup>teasing</sup> ~~and~~ Bernard Stone two  
 really  
 merry week-ends running. "Oh Bernard you must put Tambi's  
 photo up," she had said waving the great big prints she had  
 ordered from The Guardian <sup>under his petite nose.</sup> Shy Bernard seemed to me to have  
 paled although I can't tell the difference. But I did think he  
 had paled. They were larger than Ezra Pound's, the largest  
 his  
 thing he had in photogarden of overserious funny poets' heads.  
 (Why does tiny Bernard like poets so much I had always wondered  
 and imagined highbooted <sup>earringed</sup> ~~and~~ Eleanor laying the  
 red whip on Bernard's bare bottom as bigeyed and naked  
 Edward Lucy Smith sat ~~watching~~ ~~and~~ ~~trembling~~ trembling on  
 a stool in a corner). Bernard mumbled "Edward Lucy-Smith's..."  
 and I had to explain to Kay that the thing he had up of me <sup>on the wall</sup>  
 was by Edward and ~~our~~ Edward might feel hurt. (I have been  
 told that along my old <sup>friend</sup> ~~xx~~ goldheaded and greying Robert Payne



Notes for Memoirs

21<sup>st</sup> Jan 72

Injection: Pentroite intramuscularly  
with massive doses of vit C.

Himalasini Fonseca (son)  
Shot form: Vin, same address  
as Dorra

Chapter: Manchester Sq

1. Ridler & George Weidenfeld's hand

## Photos

1. BBC with H'gaio Chien
2. BBC with Orwell + Eliot

①

They thought I was ~~odd~~. Why? They thought English was the preserve of Englishmen only. Besides, I was a non-conformist. They couldn't bear to see their tidy world so rudely disturbed. Unlike Coomra swamy who was defeated by English snobbery I sliced through it like butter, unconsciously, instinctively.

I always worked alone. If only someone, like Kay, had bought me files! Or given me a home!

As a boy I had dreamed of hermitic existence in a hut in the jungle, growing my own food, venturing ~~outside~~ every six months. I had it in 9<sup>th</sup> Ave. I have it now.



## Chapter: Buffie

1. She was selling a car at first in Paris when I knew her; years later ~~I heard~~ in my first weeks in England I heard from Martin she had been hogging my love-letters to her in London.

## Chapter 8

George Orwell (A) Ceylon & Auntie.  
① Eliot's letter to him (ask Valerie Eliot)

- ② Party at Empson's for Chinese military mission
- ③ Our shared interest in "Comics".
- ④ His inferiority complex
- ⑤ Daily Express, Pubs, Traffic lights, Herbert Read.

## Chapter 9 LOSSES

- ① Dylan
- ② British Eagle

## Chapter 10

Elit & Read - Andersen & After  
Literary Politics of the Period New Statesman,  
Times, Horizon



## Chapter : Richard March

1. I do all work on Elton book. Show his name in.
2. Similarly I like to give every one else the pleasure of discovery when I already know a thing is good to establish a lively interest.

## Chapter : Dylans